

These girls have brains, they have a hundred intellectual and artistic interests, they live in flats, eagerly and happily substituting tea for dinner. They know nothing in their natures that gives them any imperious call. On the other hand, they call imperiously, though unintentionally, to others.

No doubt having a heart is often a great nuisance. If you have a heart, sooner or later you get into a state of drivél about somebody, who probably doesn't drivél about you. Even if two people drivél mutually they are deplorable objects, but a solitary drivélér is like a lone cat on the tiles and is a positive nuisance.

It is only bachelors who can write about love. Many new women have no sense of sex. There are such lots of bachelors who would marry if they could have two or three wives, just as there are lots of girls who would marry if they could have two or three husbands. All those laws about one man-one wife were made by ordinary people, and ordinary people are in the majority.

There ought to be a small country set apart for ridiculous people, and anyone who could be certified to be ridiculous should be allowed to go and live there unmolested.

To be allowed only one wife has evolved a very tiresome type of woman; a woman who is like a general servant and can, so to speak, wait on table, cook a little and make beds.

A great many modern women never fall in love as I mean it at all. But I would not have them not marry. They often make excellent wives and mothers. People make charming marriages without any love at all, if they have affection and esteem and respect for each other.

The new woman is a type in evolution.

For a million years there will be girls like my new Dodo, and at the end there will be another type of woman, a third sex perhaps, who from not caring about the things which Nature evidently meant her to care about will have become different. But in the interval it is lonely now and then for those who are not precisely the normal type of girl.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK TAKES THE HELM

Chapter CLII.

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"Whatever is the matter, Margie?" asked Dick, looking very much worried as he burst into the room.

"Well, Dick, I have to tell you that Jack married Mary Dunlap, or 'his little chorus girl,' as you call her, last June before he came to our wedding, and when she was here with the company she found that it would be impossible for her to travel any more, as she had to prepare for the coming baby.

"Jack was almost frantic and he wrote to me about it. I looked her up and found her in a little hall bedroom and immediately let Aunt into

the secret, as I knew she would be happy to be of use to someone.

"She is a lovely girl, Dick," I said as I saw his face darken, "and she loves him as much as I do you. Dearest, don't you know I would have consented to a secret marriage if you had asked me under the same circumstances as Jack was in?"

Dick's face cleared and he pulled me over to him and kissed me.

"And I guess I'd have done just what Jack did if I had been in the same circumstances," he said loyally.

That is Dick's greatest virtue in my eyes. He is quite willing to see the other fellow's point of view. Sometimes he sees it to the exclusion of the moral question as in the cases of Harry Symone and Bill Ten-